# Mine Alone

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Star Wars

Complete

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**kasey8473**

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# Summary

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## Description:

Padmé would be his. Anakin knew it without one doubt. Chapter 4: Anakin's view at the end of ROTS. Complete.

# Chapter 1

Title: Mine Alone

Author: kasey8473

Summary: Padmé would be his. Anakin knew it without one doubt.

Rating: K+

Timeframe: AOTC

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In the darkest hours of the night, she was mine.

When the sadness of my dreams threatened to overtake me, I forced my thoughts on to her. My angel. I would lie still in the dark, holding the image of her serene beauty in my mind until my mind cooperated fully, weaving blissful fantasy interludes between us.

The two of us. Her and I. Together. Alone.

Over the years, my imaginings have changed. At first, she was a comfort, slender arms holding me against her, wrapping a blanket about me to keep me warm. A substitute for my mother, gentle and calming. Padmé's melodious voice soothed the aching pain of loneliness inside me and I would turn my face against her as I had with my mother, drinking in the pleasant scent of her perfume.

I would dream of her and feel a peace upon waking, as though just by thinking of her I could feel her with me.

But then I grew and recognized that her beauty pleased me on deeper levels, that her voice touched a place inside me that made my stomach feel faintly ill. A good ill, never the bad kind. A nervousness, a shaky sensation. I no longer thought of her like I did my mother.

I watched her on the HoloNews, those brief moments when she was asked to comment on some movement or another in the Senate. She was so assured, so absolutely certain of her convictions. Passionate about her causes. She was so enthusiastic, so alive. Even halfway across the galaxy, I was drawn to her again and again.

I loved her.

More time passed and I was made aware of the exact nature of what I was feeling. The emotional. The… physical. How could I not? On some worlds, discretion is not common and I have eyes to see what goes on between men and women. I know what happens in the dark hours of night.

She was in my thoughts.

To see her again was joy, was pain, and I was surprised to see a flicker of the same awareness I had of her in her eyes. She looked at me and recognized me. Me! Not as the little boy she knew, but that I had grown. I was more than what I was and I'd made her aware of that. I'd made her uncomfortable and I decided it was a good sort of discomfort. It was good for her to see me as I am now.

She needed to see that I am ready for a deeper relationship. I am ready to be everything she could possibly want or need.

For years, I have thought of her, dreamed of her and now I am getting to her. She responded to my kiss and though she claimed it was she that gave it, it was I that leaned down to her. I felt her skin beneath my fingertips and her mouth against mine. She *wanted* that kiss. I felt it. She desired that kiss. Her thoughts were not guarded right then. She wished it to continue…

But she pulled away and I do not understand why. She wanted more. Why deny herself the very thing she wanted?

I want her, need her. Each moment that passes only strengthens what I feel. I am cold, I am hot and I wonder if she remembers that I once told her I was going to marry her. I still know that we will be together. After all this time, that certainty is still inside me. Even now, I know it will happen.

Why did she wear that dress? Did she purposefully mean to torture me? Her shoulders bare, the curves of her breasts thrust upward and very nearly spilling over the edge of her bodice. Her waist tiny and the curve of her hips emphasized. That image will be with me forever, feeding my fantasies more than she can ever imagine.

I told her my feelings, saw her uncomfortable once more and pressed on. Surely she'd reciprocate, but no, she did not. She lied to me, I saw it in her eyes. She was rational, my angel. So rational. But she feels something. It's there and there will come a time I'm certain where she will not be able to deny it. We are meant to be. Perhaps not now, but some day. It will happen.

She will be mine. Mine alone.

I nodded, and left her by the fire.

## Chapter 2

Title: Mine Alone

Author: kasey8473

Summary: Padmé would be his. Anakin knew it without one doubt. Chapter Two: Padmé's view on Anakin.

Rating: K+

Timeframe: AOTC

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Honestly, I had not expected him to come back into my life and not as a handsome, determined man. I guess that, even though I should have known he would grow up, I still pictured him as a child. It surprised me to see him grown, tall and handsome. Attractive. I felt an unexpected burst of pleasure in response to him and a discomfort from the naked appreciation in his blue eyes.

He did not bother to cover it up. He never bothered. I would look up and see him watching me, studying me, noting every little thing about me. He made me conscious of myself and I found myself wondering what he was thinking. Did he look at me and imagine things in his mind? Did his own thoughts tread to the same intimate areas mine began easing towards?

I must admit that I began dressing with veiled speculation as to if he would like the clothes. A little more skin here, a slit on my skirt that revealed the line of my leg. Perhaps I intentionally teased him a bit, enjoying my feminine power over him. But I never thought he would do more than watch. I did not think he would lean down to me and kiss me with such tenderness. His kiss held such sweet passion to it, coaxing me to release my own restraint.

My own reaction horrified me even as it excited.

I called that kiss mine, tried to tell him I gave it, absolving him of blame. He's a Jedi. He should not be kissing women or doing anything else with them. He told me himself a Jedi cannot love, not that sort of love. That kiss replayed in my thoughts, over and over and I… I yearned for more.

That yearning swelled as the tide, yet never retreated as a tide does. I wanted more kisses, more touches, his hands sweeping along my skin with tantalizing slowness. I wanted what I could not have. I wanted him.

He told me his feelings, a breathless rush of honesty that I was unprepared for. We'd been dancing about one another so well that I thought we could continue it without having that talk about our feelings. But he spoke and he laid himself bare before me. What could I do? I could

not give in. I could not lean forward as I wanted so desperately to and kiss him before he'd finished speaking. There was much I could not do and only one thing I could. I am a rational person. Really, I am. I had to hold tight to that and so I did. He reacted as well as can be expected for a man who has chanced all and told of the things in his heart.

He stood, gave that proposal that tempted me. It *tempted*. It teased and tormented, ringing the room and I imagined where we would end up were we to do this.

I knew if he took a single step back towards me, my resolve would crumble and I'd run into his arms. I would let more kisses pass between us, meeting his hungry mouth with mine. But it would not end there. A kiss is not enough. I would allow him liberties I have allowed none to take and we would end the night joined together, drowning in that chaotic whirlpool of desire. One night would not be enough and we would keep returning to it until we would drown, destroyed by our own lusts.

One single step was all I needed.

What is happening to me?

I am a Senator, an upholder of right for my people and he, *he* is a Jedi, doing the same for the galaxy. It would be wrong to know his touch and, confusingly, so very right at the same time. It would be wrong. What would people think? A worldly Senator corrupting a virtuous Jedi? Or would they imagine a persuasive Jedi using mystical powers to coax an admittedly chaste woman into loosening her moral stance?

But he did not take that step, turning instead and leaving me there. I thank the heavens above that the room was dark and he had not been able to see the trembling that gripped me. If he had seen, what I knew could occur would have. Anakin would not have hesitated. He would have seen the truth and come to me, brushing aside my false protestations. Ripping apart the lie I told us both.

Then to see him so undone from the loss of his mother. I wanted to hold him to me, to wrap my arms around him and comfort him. Take the sorrow and cast it aside. He told me the truth of what had happened, how he'd killed those animals.

They were animals, too. I'd heard the stories Beru, Cliegg and Owen told all night as we waited for him to return. I'd learned that the Tusken Raiders looked like men and weren't at the same time. They were savage monsters. Animals.

And poor Shmi's body bore that out. The cuts, the bruises. They hurt her, then let her heal and hurt her a bit more. The agony she must have gone through. I cannot imagine such pain, such utter hopelessness as she must have felt as the days passed and there was no rescue. The despair. How did she bear it as long as she did? How does a woman live with despair and still find hope to keep her alive until it is safe for her fall into death?

He cried in my arms, finally turning towards me, his face pressed against me. I stroked his hair, his cheek, and my heart grew that much fonder of him. He grieved. He regretted and he pulled himself back together. My Anakin.

I thought I could love him and keep a safe distance between us. That lie I told myself.

We go to die now, in this arena. I cannot hold back. I have to tell him. I love him. For this moment before we die, I will admit my feelings. I cannot keep silent when I may lose him. If,

by some miracle, we live through this, I will not hesitate any longer. That is my vow. I will grab at happiness with both hands. I will pledge myself to him and be forever his.

His alone.

## Chapter 3

Title: Mine Alone

Author: kasey8473

Summary: Padmé would be his. Anakin knew it without one doubt. Chapter Three: Padmé's view on Anakin — ROTS.

Rating: K+

Timeframe: ROTS

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How can this be? How is it possible for my life to be falling apart so completely in a matter of days? It has not been long at all since Anakin returned to me after months away and Obi-wan comes to me with these accusations! He tells me that Anakin has turned to the dark side. How can that be? My Ani?

It's a lie, it has to be. I don't know why, but he is lying to me. He has to be, because my Ani would never…

The Tusken Raiders. I recall his rage from that day not too long ago and shudder as I change clothes. I'll go to him, that's what I'll do. I'll go to him and he'll tell me it's all wrong, that none of it is true…

But I remember so many little things that support Obi-Wan's words. The impatience I've seen, the arrogance and the anger. Yes, I've witnessed the anger.

My hands falter and I pause a moment to stroke my belly and force my resolve to strengthen. It's all a lie. My Ani would never do those things and I'll prove it to myself. I'll go to him on Mustafar and he'll hold me like he always does. He'll run his hands along my back in a gentle caress and shake his head. I'll see nothing but love in his eyes as he tells me Obi-Wan lied. My Ani will tell me that nothing has changed between us and around us and that I'm being silly, letting these pregnancy hormones get the better of me.

*…the women and the children… I slaughtered them like animals…*

I don't understand. How is it possible? Ani is my rock, the one I cling to. He can't be what Obi-Wan says, because if he is… then what is left? Democracy has died, slaughtered like those Tusken Raiders that day. I cradle my head in my hands during the trip, my temples throbbing with tension. The baby is active, kicking and twisting and no amount of gentle pats stops it.

What if it's true? The idea is abhorrent, but I consider it anyway. If Obi-Wan told the truth, then what happens now? I don't know. I can't bear to think on it long, so I set my hopes on

my imaginings. A lie, that's all it was.

I cannot help from running to meet Ani the second the ramp is down.

He holds me and for a moment, I think I'm right, that all will be well between us. Liberty may have died, but we will always have each other. He will get me through these uncertain times. Then his words sink in and I can only stare at him with disbelief for what I'm hearing. I try to talk sense into him, but he isn't listening, he doesn't hear. Please, Ani, your love and nothing else! Listen to me!

There is a greedy fervor to his voice that makes my skin crawl. No. No, this is all wrong. It can't be. I don't understand! It's truth, all of it. The inconceivable has become my reality. Where is my Ani? Where is the gentle man, the good man, the man I love? I thought I saw him for a moment…

The impossible arises: He is choking me.

I feel pressure, my throat closing. Oh Ani, please stop!

In those few seconds, I see our lives together. I hear my rational words to him by the fireside and my impulsive pledge to him when I'd thought we were to die. We had lived that day and I had willingly joined with him in a second lie. We could be happy. We could make our love work. That second lie I told us both finally rips apart under the stress of what is before me. There was no happily ever after. He had put truth to words when he said it would destroy us.

How did we come to this pass? We were so hopeful; *I* was so hopeful.

I was his and his alone and he chokes me? He believes the worst? Ani, no! My eyes are opened at last to the darkness inside him, the veil of ignorance I'd pulled over my face torn free.

My eyes close and consciousness leaves me. When I wake, it is to a twilight state, neither here nor there, sleeping or waking, and trapped in this nightmare. The pieces of my world crash about me in slivers and jagged boulders. Pain takes me.

I sob, aware that time has come to have my baby. Our baby. Mine and Anakin's. Obi-Wan is with me and I sob a bit more to think that he was right. My Ani *had* done those things. How could it have come to this?

Two? I'm birthing twins? Joyous to be sure, but the reality does not bolster my flagging will. How strange to want to live, to see my children and fight for my Ani, yet at the same time have no will at all. It's as though I'm alive now on borrowed time and it is quickly running out. A sense of urgency takes me. I can actually feel the strength leaving my limbs. My legs slacken, my hips relax. It's like a wave sliding up my body and I am drawn to memories of swimming on Naboo. The peace, the cradling embrace of the water around me…

I have to tell Obi-Wan. I have to tell him the certainty I still hold after all that has transpired.

Don't give up on Anakin. He's still good. He is. Make him see, Obi-Wan.

I try to say the words, to get them out, but the wave crashes over me. I am being forced from my body and have a fleeting moment of remaining consciousness.

I believe in you, Ani. I was yours and yours alone. I love you.

And then, I can’t breathe.

## Chapter 4

Title: Mine Alone, 4
Summary: Anakin's thought at the end of Rots
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Nothing and no one will take her from me. That was the vow I made to myself on our wedding day. I would be her everything. I would protect her and keep her from harm, my cherished wife. I did cherish her. The memory of her kept me going, companioned me in the late night hours.

What have I, Anakin, done? Even now I cannot comprehend. It hurts to much to think that I….

I once told her that when I wasn't with her I couldn't breathe. How unknowingly prophetic those words said by a fireside! My chest aches, my lungs burn and what have I now? I have a suit that keeps me alive, cybernetic limbs that are awkward to me and memories of her that haunt my waking and sleeping hours. I don't rest, but when I do, I dream of her disbelieving face and those eyes begging me to stop.

What have I, Anakin, done? No, not me. Not me, no. I'd never hurt her. What have I, *Vader*, done?

I could breathe, but she couldn't. I took her breath from her with a squeeze of my hand. Hurting her, killing her.

I put my head in my hands. When the hour is late and the fiery rages I feel have temporarily cooled, my face is wet with tears for what my end has become. Would that I could be an innocent child once more, unaware of the things that later came to define me. I want to go home and I can't. Home is denied me. This is my life, who I have become, whether I wish it to be or not.

This is my fate, to feel the aching loneliness of life without her for the rest of my life. The years stretch out before me, icy and long. I cannot be Anakin and Vader both, for how can Anakin live with what he allowed Vader to do? Let me die, Vader. Rise in my place and erase me, for I do not wish to remain without her.

I did everything for her. She was mine and I threw her away. She was mine alone….

And now I am alone through no actions save my own. I killed her and to be without her….

I can't breathe.